

# SUNBURY AMERICAN

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

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## TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
SUNBURY, PA.

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**STRAW BONNET & HAT MANUFACTORY,**  
No. 30 North Second Street, opposite the Madison House.

THE subscribers would call the attention of County Merchants and Milliners to their extensive assortment of Fashionable STRAW AND SUMMER BONNETS and HATS of the newest styles. Also, a large and general assortment of French and American Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Crown Linings, Oil Silk, Wire, Quillings, Buckram, &c. which they offer at prices that defy competition. N. B.—Patent Hat Boxes by the case or dozen. W. M. & J. E. MAULL, Bonnet and Hat Manufacturers, 30 North 2d Street, Philadelphia June 2, 1849.—

**REMOVAL.**  
DR. J. B. MASSER has removed his office to the office formerly occupied by H. B. Masser, as the printing office of the Sunbury American, being occupied by H. Masser's store. Sunbury, Feb. 24, 1849.—

**EVERY MAN HIS OWN PATENT AGENT.**  
MUNN & Co., Publishers of the "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," have favoured us with a Pamphlet containing the Patent Laws of the United States, together with all the forms necessary for applying for a Patent, information in regard to filing caveat, with remarks on its uses, etc., amount of the required at the Patent Office, and every other information that is necessary to instruct a person in making his own applications. Price 12 cents single, or 12 copies for one dollar—sent by mail to any part of the United States. Address MUNN & CO., New-York. March 10, 1849.—

**BOARDING.**  
THE subscriber will continue to receive and accommodate a few transient or permanent boarders, at her residence in Sunbury. The location is in a handsome and pleasant part of the town, north-west of the city, and the surrounding country is beautiful and fertile. To persons from the city, who wish to spend a few months in the country during the summer season, Sunbury affords a delightful retreat. ANN C. MORRIS. March 10, 1849.—6m

## SELECT POETRY.

### THE HOT SEASON.

BY DR. HOLMES, IN 1836.

The folks, that on the first of May  
Wore winter clothes and hose,  
Began to say, the first of June,  
"Good Lord! how hot it grows!"  
At last two Fahrenheit's blew up,  
And killed two children small,  
And one barometer shot dead  
A tutor, with its ball!

Now all day long the locust sang  
Among the leafless trees;  
Three new hotels warped inside out,  
The pumps could only wheeze;  
And ripe old wine, that twenty years  
Had cob-webbed o'er in vain,  
Came spouting through the rotten corks  
Like Jolly's best champagne!

The Worcester locomotive did  
Their trip in half an hour;  
The Lowell cars ran forty miles  
Before they checked their power;  
Roll-brimstone soon became a drug,  
And loco-focos fell;  
And asked for ice, but everywhere  
Salt-petre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tight,  
But, ere the scorching noons,  
Their candle moulds had grown as loose  
As Cassia pantalons!  
The dogs ran mad,—noon could not try  
If water they would chuse;  
A horse fell dead,—he only left  
Four red-hot rusty shoes!

But soon the people could not bear  
The slightest hint of fire;  
Allusions to caloric drew  
A flood of savage ire;  
The leaves on heat were all torn out  
From every book at school,  
And many a blackguard kicked and cussed,  
Because they said,—"Keep cool!"

The gas light companies were mobbed,  
The bakers all were shot,  
The penny press began to talk  
Of lynching Doctor Nott;  
And all about the war-house steps  
Were angry men in doves,  
Crushing and splintering thro' the door  
To smash the patent stoves!

The abolition men and maids  
Were tanned to such a hue,  
You scarce could tell them from their friends,  
Unless their eyes were blue;  
And when I left, society  
Had burst its ancient guards,  
And Brattle Street and Temple Place  
Were interchanging cards!

## AN ORATION

DELIVERED BY THE REV. J. P. SHINDEL,  
ON THE 4th OF JULY, 1849.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The day of the year hath returned, which, since the year 1776, has been a proud day to the American people; a day which has ever since been celebrated by republicans, more or less, as a day of remembrance—as a day of rejoicing—as a day of instruction for the rising generation, and as a day for admonition. It is therefore with emotions of joy that I meet with a number of my fellow citizens, and the members of our Sabbath school, on this glorious day—on this pleasing occasion; in an occasion where it may be expected a unanimity of sentiment and feelings prevail, among the assembled people, with respect to the great subject of American Independence. Let us then celebrate this day as a day of remembrance. Let us remember that on the 4th of July, '76, a band of pure patriots, then assembled in Congress as representatives of the people, in Philadelphia, declared themselves independent of Great Britain. These North American colonies were previous to that time subject to the crown of England, and, as our Declaration of Independence assures us that they suffered abuses intolerable from the King and his Parliament, and amidst all the reasonable representations and petitions for redress, by the good people of our land, no attention was paid to their cries and entreaties, but burden after burden heaped upon them, until, like the Israelites of old, in the land of Egypt, our forefathers were pitted by the God of nations, and impressed upon the minds of our most patriotic and wise men, to shake off the yoke under which they groaned. But withal, an attempt was made against the King with much reluctance. While the public mind was balancing upon this eventful subject, several writers placed the advantages of independence in various points of view. Among them, Thomas Paine, in a pamphlet under the signature of "Common Sense," held the most dignified rank. The style, manner and language of this performance, was calculated to interest the passions, and arouse all the active powers of human nature. The absurdity of subjecting to a little island, such an immense continent, on the opposite side of the globe, was exhibited in such forcible language as to interest the pride and honor of the colonists in renouncing the government of Great Britain; and the many thousands, who, but a few months previous, viewed the measure with abhorrence, were now convinced, and a determination fired their hearts to have liberty or death. A declaration of their intentions was now necessary. The motion for declaring the colonies free and independent, was made by Richard H. Lee, of Virginia; and when the time arrived for taking the subject into consideration, much learning, ingenuity and eloquence were displayed on both sides of the question.

The discussions were continued with great animation for some time. In these, John Adams and John Dickinson took leading and opposite parts. Mr. Adams strongly urged the immediate dissolution of all political connection with Great Britain, and when that noble instrument of writing, the "Declaration of Independence," which was penned by the

illustrious Jefferson, was read in Congress, John Adams arose and expressed himself something like the following: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote."

Fellow Citizens, in remembrance of these things let us celebrate this day in a becoming manner, seeing the high hand of an all-wise, superintending Providence in this all important matter. Let us keep in grateful remembrance such men as Jefferson, Adams, Hancock, and others. Let us remember with grateful hearts, the noble Chieftain and Father of his country, George Washington, and those brave men of the revolution who bled and died in the conflict for independence.

2d, This day should be celebrated as a day of Thanksgiving. The independence of the United States was achieved by a war of seven years—Sacrifices were made of the most precious kind, and above all, many thousand lives were lost; yet a valuable crown was obtained: civil and religious liberty, a blessing of all earthly blessings the most valuable. And when we consider the manner in which these blessings were obtained, we are constrained to say, where else do they all come from but from the source of all good—from the father of light, &c. Although our fathers were poor and unprepared for a war with such a powerful nation as Great Britain, there was a higher hand to help, a mighty friend above. The God of Israel was our father's God, and crowned their efforts with wonderful success. It was God that gave wisdom and courage to our officers, commanders and soldiers. He approved their motives, favored their movements. He approved of the resistance they made against the king, and usurpation and oppression of Parliament. It was God that impressed on the minds of our people hope of success. It was he that pointed out to them the great reward that would be gained for them and their posterity. The rich and the poor received from the hand of God, a government under which all can enjoy liberty and independence alike. Let us then to-day give thanks to our God for this inestimable gift, and show to the world that we are all united in this great matter, that we celebrate this day in love, harmony and gladness of heart, giving God all the praise. One prayer ought to swell on the breeze from every tongue on such a day as this; and this is emancipation to every enthralled people of the world.

3d, This day should also be celebrated as a day of rejoicing. It is truly a festive occasion that deserves to be honored by the overflowing raptures of a grateful people. I know no way of celebrating the 4th of July more rationally than by a cheerful enjoyment of all the pleasures of life, in a spirit of reason, temperance, hilarity and love. Political party bitterness, and factious slang must be forgotten to-day. Welcome good nature, welcome the smile of mirth, the song of joy, felicitous joke, the happy witicism. Let us forget all our dissections in the pleasures of the day, and for once in the year enjoy the benevolent emotions of a band of brothers—a family of free men. And why not? This day makes us all one; like matrimony, it makes us one flesh. Away, then, with all discord, all angry passions, all unworthy strife on a soil made sacred to union and love. The cannon's roar, the ringing blast of the shrill trumpet, the spirit stirring drum, the smile of pleasure, and the laugh of joy, are all appropriate concomitants of an event which determined the fate of a nation, and exalted the destinies of a people. Pleasure thrills through the veins, and quickens every throbbing pulse with unmeasured rapture at the recollections of freedom achieved, chains of galling weight rent asunder, oppression of degrading cruelty thrown off, and the iron hand of the tyrant palsied by the energetic blow of brave freemen. If liberty is dear to the heart, the memory of its glory is not less a source of vivid pleasure to the mind, susceptible of the highest emotions of a virtuous intellect.

4th, This should also be a day of instruction to the rising generation. We should inform our children that they live in the land of freedom and liberty; for which we have to thank God, and our ancestors. We should endeavor to impress pure republican principles upon their young and tender minds. Teach them to be wise, industrious and useful in whatever station of life they may be placed; to love education and knowledge, and thus fit and prepare them to aid in preserving our independence, when their fathers have descended to the tomb. Yes, children, remember that the privileges we enjoy, are not enjoyed by any nation on the face of the earth. Therefore, remember that God our creator was our father's God. It was him that gave us victory over our foe, the king of England, and granted liberty to us. Remember that the same God has preserved these liberties up to this moment. Your fathers will soon depart this present life, and you will be in their stead. Therefore be instructed of the importance of preserving our freedom, endeavor to imbibed early the principles of our patriotic forefathers, and learn to be wise in electing good, honest and faithful citizens to offices of importance. Let morality and religion guide you in the affairs of your life. Remember that God will give wisdom to the virtuous, sober and honest. O! may our beloved children learn to be wise; grow up sober, righteously and Godly, in this present world.—Teachers, do your duty towards your classes, and heaven will smile upon you.

## AN ENGLISH PARSONAGE.

FROM COLEMAN'S "LETTERS FROM ABOAB."

You see the date of my letter (Nottinghamshire), and I have seldom in my life passed a more agreeable Sunday, I have been twice at church, and am staying with the clergyman. He is a gentleman of fortune, and though without title himself, he married a lady of rank, and his family are allied by blood or marriage to some of the highest aristocracy in the kingdom. He specially invited me to come and pass a few days with him; and I came by appointment yesterday, and shall leave to-morrow, as my engagements do not admit of longer delay, though he has urged me to remain. He has a small church, a parish, with the exception of a few families composed principally of tenant farmers and laborers. His salary is £200, that is about \$4,000, and a house and glebe of about forty acres. His father, a man of great wealth, lives directly in his neighborhood. Imagine a beautiful country, not naturally fertile, but made one of the most productive by cultivation, and everywhere covered with a most luxuriant vegetation; imagine roofs as fine as can be trodden under a pebble to impede the carriage, and bounded with green and neatly-trimmed hedges; imagine here and there a substantial farm-house, surrounded with acres and acres of green crops, and many of them with stacks of wheat and barley made in the most finished and beautiful manner, in some cases twenty, thirty, and even forty in number, containing, by estimate, two hundred and three hundred bushels of grain each (I am only stating facts); imagine your approach to a large cluster of ornamental trees, through which you see the turrets of the house rising, and occasionally appearing and disappearing as you approach; imagine several smooth avenues, bordered with shrubs and flowers of the richest description; imagine an extensive lawn, stretching far away in front of one side of the house, as smooth as Milton describes it, with the sheep and cattle grazing upon it; imagine a beautiful mirrored lake of half a mile in length, and with corresponding width, glistening and sparkling at the foot of the lawn; imagine a grove of magnificent forest trees, in the rear of the parsonage, with the tower of the old church mantled with ivy, showing its gray and venerable visage among these trees, with its church-yard, and marble and moss-grown monuments, where Old Mortality might find congenial employment for days and months, and you will have some little notion of the exterior of my transient resting-place. Now enter the house, and the libraries stored with books, and the drawing-rooms, elegant in their plainest attire but crowded with the most beautiful objects of ornament and curiosity, and fitted up with every possible appendage of luxury and comfort; imagine an elegant dining room, the table covered with the richest viands which the culinary art and the vintage and the fruit-garden can supply; imagine a horse at your disposal, a servant at your command to anticipate every want; imagine an elegant bed-chamber, a bright coal-fire, fresh water in basins, in goblets, in tubs, napkins without stint as white as snow, a double mattress, a French bed, sheets of the finest linen, a canopy of the richest silk, a table portfolio, writing apparatus and stationery, aluminettes, a night-hump, candles and silver candlesticks, and beautiful paintings and exquisite statuary, and every kind of chair or sofa but a rocking-chair, and then you will have some little notion of the place where I now am, and indeed a pretty accurate and not exaggerated description of my residence for the last three weeks—four weeks—five weeks—three months—I cannot say how long, and then judge whether it is not likely entirely to spoil me. For the last fortnight, for example, with the exception of one day, I have dined off of nothing but silver and porcelain, and have sat down each day to a table as sumptuous and abundant, and various and elegant as I ever saw at any dinner-party in Boston; indeed, more so, and much of the time with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, as elegant in dress and manners as you can meet with; never less than four men-servants, many times with eight or ten, and in one case I counted eleven, eight of whom were in elegant livery, trimmed with silver and with silver epaulettes, &c. &c.

A New Application of the principle of steam has been made in Paris, which is explained as follows:—Water boils and gives off steam at 100 degrees. (French scale.) Heat the boiler to 506 degrees, and the same quantity of water will give off steam with an expansive power, perhaps fifty times as great. The heat should be always kept just below that, at which the water takes the spherical state and gives off no steam at all. A French mechanic has made a small boiler, which, under the great heat above-mentioned, runs a powerful machinery. The boiler and engine occupy about one twentieth part of the space occupied by a common boiler of the same power.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE NORTH.—The exact period for the departure of President Taylor for the North is not yet settled. The Republic says the prevalence of the cholera may induce him to abandon the visit altogether.

ENTITLED TO FREEDOM.—A man named Joel Taylor succeeded in escaping from the jail at Ballston, N. H., lately, by sawing off nine iron bars.

## THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

A mother sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom her sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No, I don't want to say my prayers, I don't want to say my prayers."

"Mother," said the child, appearing at the parlor door.  
"Good morning, my child!"  
"I am going to get my breakfast."  
"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother had laid down her work upon the next chair, as the boy ran to her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap and laid his face down on her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward. "Are you pretty well this morning?" said she in a kind and gentle tone.  
"Yes, mother, I am very well."  
"I am glad you are well. I am well, too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."  
"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.  
"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and sitting him on her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.  
"No, but I have felt mine."  
"Well, don't you feel mine, now—how it goes beating?"  
"Yes," said the child.  
"If it should stop beating, I should die."  
"Should you?"  
"Yes, I can't keep it beating."  
"Who can?"  
"God." A silence. "You have a pulse, too which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you—nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you who could?"  
"I don't know," said the child with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.  
"So, when I waked up this morning, I thought I'd ask God to take care of me, and all of us."  
"Did you ask him to take care of me?"  
"No."  
"Why not?"  
"Because I thought you would ask him yourself!"  
A long pause ensued—the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.  
"Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?"  
"Yes, said the boy readily.  
He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.  
BY THOMAS HOOD.  
Let Taylor preach upon a morning breeze,  
How well to rise while night and larks  
are flying,  
For my part, getting up seems not so easy;  
By half as lying.

What if the hawk does carol in the sky,  
Sounding the night to find him out—  
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?  
I'm not a trout.

Talk to me of bees and such like lums,  
They smell of sweet herbs at the morning  
prime;  
Only lie long enough and bed becomes  
A bed of times.

To me Dan Phobus and his care are naught,  
His steeds that paw, impatiently about,  
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,  
The first turn out.

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,  
Besprinkled by the rose-fingered girl—  
What then—if I prefer my pillow dear  
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,  
And grumbling for a season, quality  
begs—  
Wherefore should miser rise before the hens  
Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start,  
To see faint flushes in the cast awaker?  
A fig, say I, for any storky part,  
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,  
Who used to haste the dewy grass among;  
To meet the sun upon the glaucous lawn,  
Well—he died young.

With chairwomen such early hours agree,  
And sweeps that earn behind their bite  
and sup;  
But I'm no climbing boy, and will not be  
All up—all up.

So here I'll be, my morning calls deferring,  
Till something nearer to the stroke of  
noon.  
A man that's fond precociously of stirring,  
Must be a spoon.

CAMELS ON THE PRAIRIES.—The proposition to attempt the naturalization of camels into the Western Prairie seems to meet with general favor. There is no reason why the plan should not succeed, as these animals, originally natives of the temperate regions between southern Siberia and the mountains of Thibet, have been diffused over the whole of Asia and Africa. They are yet used in Turkey, and during the Arab domination were common in Spain. There is said to be no difference of characteristics between the Tartar steppes and the Western deserts; at all events, the experiment is worth a trial.

LA DEMOCRATIC PRACITICER declares that when Louis Philippe read Louis Napoleon's message, he exclaimed "I am avenged."

There are 3,566,480 letters in the Bible, 592,409 words in the Old Testament, and 181,252 in the New.

A gentleman, who was at breakfast the other morning, broke an egg, and during the repose of a sentimental looking bird called the waiter and insinuated that he'd like to have a bill presented before he'd done eating.

The parent who would train up a child the way he should go, must go in the way which he would train up the child.

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

"But why don't you get married?" said a lovely girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced innocent looking youth.

"Well, I—" said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes on vacancy, with a puzzled and foolish expression.  
"Well, go on," said the fair cross-questioner almost imperceptibly inclining toward the young man. "Now, just tell me right out—you want?"  
"Why, I—pshaw, I don't know."  
"You do—I say you do; no come, I want to know?"  
"Oh, I can't tell you—"  
"I say you can. Why, you know I'll never mention it, and you may tell me, of course, you know, for haven't I always been your friend?"  
"Well, you have, I know," replied the beleaguered youth.  
"And I'm sure I always thought you liked me," went on the maiden, in tender and mellow accents.  
"Oh, I do, upon my word—yes, indeed, I do, Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly, and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.  
There was a silence.  
"And then—well?" said Maria, dropping her eyes to the ground.  
"Oh, oh—well!" said John, dropping eyes and Maria's hand at the same time.  
"I'm prettier you love somebody, in fact," said Maria, assuming a tone of raillery. "I know you're in love; and John, why don't you tell me all about it at once?"  
"Well—I—"  
"Well, I—oh, you silly mortal, what is there to be afraid of?"  
"O! it ain't because I am afraid of anything at all and I'll—well, now, Maria, I will tell you."  
"Well, now, John."  
"I—"  
"Eh?"  
"Yes."  
"I am in love!—now don't tell; you won't will you?" said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand, and looking at her face with a most imploring expression.  
"Why, of course, you know, John I'll never breathe a word about it; you know I won't, don't you, John?"  
This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear when she spoke that, had he turned his head to look at her, there might have occurred a dangerous collision.  
"Well, Maria," said John, "I've told you now, and so you shall know all about it. I have always thought a great deal of you, and—"  
"Yes, John."  
"I am sure you would do anything for me that you could?"  
"Yes, John, you know I would."  
"Well, I thought so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to talk to you about it."  
"I declare, John, I—you might have told me long since if you wanted to—for I am sure I never was angry with you in my life."  
"No, you wasn't; and I have often felt a great mind to—but—"  
"It's not too late now, you know, John."  
"Well, Maria, do you think I am too young to get married?"  
"Indeed I do not, John, and I know it would be a good thing for you, too, every body says that the sooner young people get married the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love one another."  
"That's just what I think; and now, Maria I do want to get married, and if you'll—"  
"Indeed I will, John, for you know I was always partial to you, and I've said so often behind your back."  
"Well, I declare, I have all along thought you would object, and that's the reason I've been afraid to ask you."  
"Object? no, I'll die first; you may ask me anything you please."  
"And you'll grant it?"  
"I will."  
"Then, Maria, I want you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—"  
"What?"  
"Eh?"  
"Do you love Mary Sullivan?"  
"Oh! indeed I do, with all my heart."  
"I always thought you were a fool."  
"Eh?"  
"I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home, your mother wants you. Oh—you stupid!" exclaimed the mortified Maria in a shrill treble, and she gave poor John slap on the cheek that sent him reeling.  
Unhappy Maria—"The course of true love never did run smooth."

THE HOT SEASON.  
BY DR. HOLMES, IN 1836.  
The folks, that on the first of May  
Wore winter clothes and hose,  
Began to say, the first of June,  
"Good Lord! how hot it grows!"  
At last two Fahrenheit's blew up,  
And killed two children small,  
And one barometer shot dead  
A tutor, with its ball!

Now all day long the locust sang  
Among the leafless trees;  
Three new hotels warped inside out,  
The pumps could only wheeze;  
And ripe old wine, that twenty years  
Had cob-webbed o'er in vain,  
Came spouting through the rotten corks  
Like Jolly's best champagne!

The Worcester locomotive did  
Their trip in half an hour;  
The Lowell cars ran forty miles  
Before they checked their power;  
Roll-brimstone soon became a drug,  
And loco-focos fell;  
And asked for ice, but everywhere  
Salt-petre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tight,  
But, ere the scorching noons,  
Their candle moulds had grown as loose  
As Cassia pantalons!  
The dogs ran mad,—noon could not try  
If water they would chuse;  
A horse fell dead,—he only left  
Four red-hot rusty shoes!

But soon the people could not bear  
The slightest hint of fire;  
Allusions to caloric drew  
A flood of savage ire;  
The leaves on heat were all torn out  
From every book at school,  
And many a blackguard kicked and cussed,  
Because they said,—"Keep cool!"

The gas light companies were mobbed,  
The bakers all were shot,  
The penny press began to talk  
Of lynching Doctor Nott;  
And all about the war-house steps  
Were angry men in doves,  
Crushing and splintering thro' the door  
To smash the patent stoves!

The abolition men and maids  
Were tanned to such a hue,  
You scarce could tell them from their friends,  
Unless their eyes were blue;  
And when I left, society  
Had burst its ancient guards,  
And Brattle Street and Temple Place  
Were interchanging cards!

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The day of the year hath returned, which, since the year 1776, has been a proud day to the American people; a day which has ever since been celebrated by republicans, more or less, as a day of remembrance—as a day of rejoicing—as a day of instruction for the rising generation, and as a day for admonition. It is therefore with emotions of joy that I meet with a number of my fellow citizens, and the members of our Sabbath school, on this glorious day—on this pleasing occasion; in an occasion where it may be expected a unanimity of sentiment and feelings prevail, among the assembled people, with respect to the great subject of American Independence. Let us then celebrate this day as a day of remembrance. Let us remember that on the 4th of July, '76, a band of pure patriots, then assembled in Congress as representatives of the people, in Philadelphia, declared themselves independent of Great Britain. These North American colonies were previous to that time subject to the crown of England, and, as our Declaration of Independence assures us that they suffered abuses intolerable from the King and his Parliament, and amidst all the reasonable representations and petitions for redress, by the good people of our land, no attention was paid to their cries and entreaties, but burden after burden heaped upon them, until, like the Israelites of old, in the land of Egypt, our forefathers were pitted by the God of nations, and impressed upon the minds of our most patriotic and wise men, to shake off the yoke under which they groaned. But withal, an attempt was made against the King with much reluctance. While the public mind was balancing upon this eventful subject, several writers placed the advantages of independence in various points of view. Among them, Thomas Paine, in a pamphlet under the signature of "Common Sense," held the most dignified rank. The style, manner and language of this performance, was calculated to interest the passions, and arouse all the active powers of human nature. The absurdity of subjecting to a little island, such an immense continent, on the opposite side of the globe, was exhibited in such forcible language as to interest the pride and honor of the colonists in renouncing the government of Great Britain; and the many thousands, who, but a few months previous, viewed the measure with abhorrence, were now convinced, and a determination fired their hearts to have liberty or death. A declaration of their intentions was now necessary. The motion for declaring the colonies free and independent, was made by Richard H. Lee, of Virginia; and when the time arrived for taking the subject into consideration, much learning, ingenuity and eloquence were displayed on both sides of the question.

The discussions were continued with great animation for some time. In these, John Adams and John Dickinson took leading and opposite parts. Mr. Adams strongly urged the immediate dissolution of all political connection with Great Britain, and when that noble instrument of writing, the "Declaration of Independence," which was penned by the

illustrious Jefferson, was read in Congress, John Adams arose and expressed himself something like the following: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote."

Fellow Citizens, in remembrance of these things let us celebrate this day in a becoming manner, seeing the high hand of an all-wise, superintending Providence in this all important matter. Let us keep in grateful remembrance such men as Jefferson, Adams, Hancock, and others. Let us remember with grateful hearts, the noble Chieftain and Father of his country, George Washington, and those brave men of the revolution who bled and died in the conflict for independence.

2d, This day should be celebrated as a day of Thanksgiving. The independence of the United States was achieved by a war of seven years—Sacrifices were made of the most precious kind, and above all, many thousand lives were lost; yet a valuable crown was obtained: civil and religious liberty, a blessing of all earthly blessings the most valuable. And when we consider the manner in which these blessings were obtained, we are constrained to say, where else do they all come from but from the source of all good—from the father of light, &c. Although our fathers were poor and unprepared for a war with such a powerful nation as Great Britain, there was a higher hand to help, a mighty friend above. The God of Israel was our father's God, and crowned their efforts with wonderful success. It was God that gave wisdom and courage to our officers, commanders and soldiers. He approved their motives, favored their movements. He approved of the resistance they made against the king, and usurpation and oppression of Parliament. It was God that impressed on the minds of our people hope of success. It was he that pointed out to them the great reward that would be gained for them and their posterity. The rich and the poor received from the hand of God, a government under which all can enjoy liberty and independence alike. Let us then to-day give thanks to our God for this inestimable gift, and show to the world that we are all united in this great matter, that we celebrate this day in love, harmony and gladness of heart, giving God all the praise. One prayer ought to swell on the breeze from every tongue on such a day as this; and this is emancipation to every enthralled people of the world.

3d, This day should also be celebrated as a day of rejoicing. It is truly a festive occasion that deserves to be honored by the overflowing raptures of a grateful people. I know no way of celebrating the 4th of July more rationally than by a cheerful enjoyment of all the pleasures of life, in a spirit of reason, temperance, hilarity and love. Political party bitterness, and factious slang must be forgotten to-day. Welcome good nature, welcome the smile of mirth, the song of joy, felicitous joke, the happy witicism. Let us forget all our dissections in the pleasures of the day, and for once in the year enjoy the benevolent emotions of a band of brothers—a family of free men. And why not? This day makes us all one; like matrimony, it makes us one flesh. Away, then, with all discord, all angry passions, all unworthy strife on